

it, and thank you so much for asking me to go. I think now, I will never promise to go anywhere again; Nan has been singing some old songs, and my thoughts have been carried back to the past. I have been reminded of a number of pleasant faces, that used to gather around us here, whose voices blended with ours, in the same old songs - faces we will never see again and some voices which are hushed forever. Like summer roses those scenes have faded into the past - but sometimes, as on this evening - memory lifts her curtain, and we can almost imagine we see the dear, dead faces as of yore; but what is all this to you - I'll not trouble you longer - so good night "mon ami".

Yours - Lucie.